

Technoblade's Entirely Average Wedding Planner Gig

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Technoblade's Entirely Average Wedding Planner Gig

by [opheliabloo](#)

Summary

“If this is another arts and crafts activity, then count me out,” Techno says. “I have had enough of taxidermying.”

“Don’t be like that,” Phil pouts. “The centerpieces look wonderful. Our guests are going to love them.”

“They better. I don’t think there’s a living squirrel left for fifty miles.”

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or: techno takes on a sketchy wedding planner gig because he's got no choice. he's not entirely sure he won't get himself killed in the process.

He's Back In The Fucking Building Again

Chapter Notes

life got so fuckass im writing dream smp fanfiction again. many such cases. also i wrote this to a 12 hour loop of grian's permit office music im going so fujcking cookoo bananas right neow

(quick disclaimer i dont fuck with wilbur soot or the dream team so any depictions or mentions of them in this work are entirely fictional.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil is hunched over on the kitchen island when Techno stumbles blearily into his kitchen, devouring a bagel as though it were a live squirrel.

“Breakfast!” Phil says triumphantly, and throws a paper bag at Techno’s chest.

“Breakfast?” Techno peeks at the clock on his oven. “Phil, it’s six-thirty. At night.”

Phil tears a piece of bagel off with his teeth and gobbles it down. His face — and most of the counter — is flecked gruesomely with bagel viscera, which is to say garlic and herb cream cheese. Nice. “We’ve got a big day ahead of us, Techno Blade.”

“It’s night.”

“You’ve been asleep for the past nine hours.”

“How do you know that?”

“Because I’ve been here for the past nine hours.”

“When did I give you a key?”

Phil cocks his head at him knowingly. Techno sighs. “Right, right. Forget I asked.”

Dragging a stool out, Techno sits down at the island and opens the paper bag. It’s warm under his fingers, filled with more fresh kill from Phil’s hunt — which is to say another garlic and herb cream cheese bagel. Nice.

“Alright,” Techno says, taking a bite. The delicious taste of bagel guts fills his mouth. Extra nice. “Have at me. What’s going on and what DEFCON level is it at?”

“Cocked pistol!” Phil exclaims. His bagel is finished in the blink of an eye and suddenly he’s splayed out on Techno’s kitchen island as though it were a fainting couch, one arm thrown

dramatically over his eyes. His engagement ring — a gaudy, bulky thing studded in black diamonds — glints in the cheap fluorescent lights of Techno's apartment. "Maximum readiness! War is imminent!"

You are your son's father, Techno thinks affectionately. "I'll ready the troops."

Phil abruptly rises up onto his elbows. "I don't need troops," he whispers excitedly. "I need help. *Your* help."

"What's the jail sentence if I get caught?"

"Oh, Techno Blade!" Phil throws his head back and laughs. "Don't be so silly."

I've run from officers of the law because of you," Techno reminds him. He murders his bagel a bit more. Mmm. "That's considered a felony in America."

"Young men need exercise! It's good for the brain."

"I might have a warrant out on my name."

"Ah!" Phil tips dramatically onto his back again and puts a hand to his chest. "I remember my first warrant. I'd have been around your age too. Such fond memories."

It's hard to imagine Phil in his early twenties. All Techno's brain is able to supply is a photo of Tommy stretched vertically in MS paint with longer emo bangs. "What was it for?" He asks.

Phil winks at him. "A man never tells. Ladies love the mystique."

"It's a wonder I'm still single."

"You're young! It'll come in time." Phil's eyes gleam like two eyeball-sized boba pearls. It's weird. "Perhaps you'll meet a nice young lady at the reception."

It all clicks into place. *How could I have forgotten?*

The impending approach of Phil and his fiancée's wedding day has taken the weirdness dials of Techno's life and torn them straight out of the wall. Though Techno has yet to meet this Kristin lady in person, her presence always seems to linger nearby. The only contact he's had with this woman is the single phone call he made to congratulate her on the engagement and thank her for letting him into the wedding party, in response to which she screamed at the top of her lungs for a whole forty seconds before Techno's phone detonated in his hand.

(He'd received a fancy little RSVP in the mail the next day alongside a cheque for his medical expenses.)

"Is this more wedding stuff?" Techno asks. "Phil, the wedding is in three days. I think you've done all the planning you can do."

"Nonsense! There is always more to do. This event has to be perfect."

“You’ve been planning for a whole year—”

“PERFECT!”

It seemed every week for the past year had involved some convoluted wedding-related task that Techno, as Best Man, had no choice but to partake in. In addition to his usual babysitting gigs twice a week, he had been dragged along to four separate suit fittings (there were a surprising amount of tailors in town who didn’t seem to mind the fact that Phil had gigantic bird wings), a handful of cake tastings (Phil ended up choosing a rather bitter-tasting almond cake, for obvious reasons), and, most confusingly, a pleasant spa day that was completely and entirely normal. Phil had even tipped the waitress that brought them their drinks. With real, actual money.

(When Techno, naturally, had asked if he was having a stroke or a similarly cataclysmic medical event, Phil had only taken a slice of cucumber off his face, popped it into his mouth, and proclaimed, “Techno Blade, I’m in love. That’s better than what any aneurysm could provide me.”)

“If this is another arts and crafts activity, then count me out,” Techno says. “I have had *eeenough* of taxidermying.”

“Don’t be like that,” Phil pouts. “The centerpieces look wonderful. Our guests are going to love them.”

“They better. I don’t think there’s a living squirrel left for fifty miles.”

“Tommy will have to make do with the rabbits until the population recovers.” Phil shrugs nonchalantly. “But it’s not a craft. I just need you to babysit the boys while I do some secret stuff.”

“Secret stuff? Can I know the secret stuff?”

“Nope.”

“But I’m your best man! What did I sign all those NDAs for?”

“To get the guestlist. I’ve got some high profile names coming. Even the ones in high security prisons have confirmed their attendance! My cousin from overseas just sent his ROE this morning. He should be flying in tomorrow.”

Techno blinks. “You have a cousin? And what is an ROE?”

“I do,” Phil says smoothly. “And an ROE is a Respond-Or-Else. It’s a request sent to guests to confirm their attendance for a large event.”

“I think that’s an RSVP. Reply-Soon-Very-Please or something. You sent me mine like a year ago. It’s French.”

“I don’t like the French.”

“Can we return to the fact that you’ve got a cousin?”

“Yes! From the same lab and everything!” Phil’s chest puffs proudly. It dawns on Techno that Phil came from a lab. That surprises him somehow. “Busy, busy man, he is. I haven’t seen him in such a long time – he spent a whole year trapped in a death simulation, did you know that? Had to murder all his friends to get out. You know how it is.”

“I do?” Techno says.

Phil laughs sagely. “We’ve all been there once or twice. Good for the soul to know true sacrifice.”

In the two seconds it takes for Techno’s brain to bluescreen and then promptly reboot, Phil manages to steal the rest of Techno’s bagel out of his hand. The bastard. “It will all be clear in time. I just need the boys taken care of when I’m out. Can you do that for me?”

“When’s your secret thing?”

“In twenty minutes.”

“I have school tomorrow!”

Phil grins. “I knew I could count on you. I’ll tell the boys you’ll be over in a half hour.”

With that, he devours the rest of Techno’s bagel and rockets out the open balcony door in a blur of black feathers. Outside, the quiet evening atmosphere is broken as what sounds like several cars collide in a screeching accident. Techno leans back in his chair and listens to it for a moment, eyes closed. Someone screams. A cat screeches.

I feel like I’m forgetting something, Techno thinks, he goes to eat his bagel. It’s not in his hand. Son of a bitch. *I’ll figure it out later.*

The manor is dark when Techno pulls up half an hour later, armed with a belly full of more breakfast (Chinese takeout) and a bunch of fortune cookies in a tied plastic bag. No one accosts his car when he parks, which is a little unusual, but it is later than when Techno usually comes to babysit. The boys might already be in bed. Or simply lying in wait.

“Boys!” He shouts, opening the door with a grand flourish. “I’ve got fortune cookies. Maybe one will tell me how and when I die!”

The house remains dark and quiet, creaking in its foundation from the evening wind. Techno shakes the bag like a bag of dog treats for good measure. “Free plastic too!” He calls into the foyer. His own voice echoes back at him. “I hope someone doesn’t come downstairs and grab it from me before I can eat it all myself!”

Five seconds pass, then ten, then a monumental *fifteen* without an ambush. That’s a new record. Techno brings the plastic up to his mouth threateningly. Nothing. Perturbed, he toes off his running shoes and makes his way up the stairs, stopping at the top of the final step. He

spreads his arms out like a snowman or perhaps Jesus, closes his eyes, and waits patiently to be tackled.

Nothing. Ever since Techno let them watch the 1990s classic hit film ‘ *Home Alone* ’ starring Macaulay Caulkin as a violent blond child, Tommy and Wilbur would never pass up a chance to push him down the stairs. It had been the murder attempt *du jour* until the new year rolled around – at which point the coolest weapon on the block became fireworks.

Something about it had seemed oddly familiar.

“Boys?” Techno darts into Wilbur’s room. Wilbur’s bed is entirely Wilburless, his writing desk abandoned. From there he runs into Tommy’s room, performing an expert 45-degree strafe jump to make it past the familiar traps and unfamiliar puddles of green goo. An ornately framed oil portrait of Luigi from the Mario franchise hangs over Tommy’s bed. Inscribed on the bottom, on a small golden plaque: *my hero <3*

(Techno hadn’t had the heart to tell him that was the wrong Luigi. It’s the class solidarity that counts.)

Tommy’s bed, as usual, is an elephant’s foot of blankets, pillows, and soggy pieces of stuffed animal. Techno does not know why they are soggy and he does not want to find out.

“Tommy?” He says, pulling his sleeve over his hand to tug some of the wreckage back. His sleeve sizzles. Ew. “You here, buddy?”

Tommy is, in fact, not there. He isn’t anywhere in his room. Not under his bed, or on top of it, or in his closet either. He isn’t even in the oubliette Phil had dug into his floor as a birthday present. When Techno looks down into it, all that stare up at him are the forlorn eyes of a moldy flood-damaged cardboard cutout of a Twitch streamer.

“Yeah,” Techno says, and then continues on his way.

The boys aren’t in Phil’s grandiose bedroom, nor are they in his en-suite torture chamber. Techno even checks the Alcatraz-style hole Wilbur has been digging out behind the toilet in the basement bathroom, but that too is empty. The whole *house* is empty.

Techno’s stomach starts to twist. His wallet trembles frightfully in his pocket. Techno pats it. “Hush, boy. They’re probably in the backyard.”

It’s on his way through the kitchen that he sees it.

A knife, stuck vertically into Phil’s dinner table.

It’s puncturing a piece of paper.

find a diamond chandelier and bring it to these coordinates if you ever want to see the boys again lmao

Techno's wallet wets itself. A handful of coins tinkle to the floor at Techno's feet.

Techno proceeds to think three things.

1. Free money!
2. Nevermind. Ew. Ew ew ew.
3. Fuck my stupid baka life.

Heart in his throat, Techno types the coordinates into his phone. They lead to an abandoned warehouse at the other end of town. *Since when do we have a warehouse?* Techno thinks wildly. *I live in a college town. Nothing is imported to this place except loud, neurotic freshmen with open wallets. Why would a warehouse have even been built? Why is it now abandoned? What the fuck is going on?*

The world tilts on its axis. Techno puts his head in his hands, breathing deeply through his nose. *Calm down, Technoblade, you're getting too meta. Think about money.*

And so he thinks about money until he feels better.

The warehouse itself will be easy to drive to, but acquiring a diamond chandelier poses a bit more of an issue. Given that the ransom letter didn't provide a time by which Techno had to bring the goods to this mysterious kidnapper, he can only assume that he's got but an hour or so before something terrible befalls his boys. They could kill them. Or torture them. Or put them through an engineering degree with an allergy to caffeine. Many such terrible things. Techno has to work fast.

Swiping to another tab, he googles the cost of diamond chandeliers. Then he throws up. His wallet throws up too. Techno doesn't pick those coins up either.

Fuck my stupid baka life, he thinks miserably. *I have to steal a chandelier.*

The house looks entirely average from the outside. A regular two-storey suburban home. Techno parks his car a block down and walks to it, avoiding the streetlights as though they're the blaring orange eyes of God. *Lord give me bread or whatever.* No time to feel bad for his sins. Phil's wedding will be ruined if something happens to his beloved creations. The grief would send him into a nuclear fallout, taking the rest of the planet down with him.

... And Techno would never get paid again.

There's a window on the first floor that has been pulled completely open. It's not even that hot out, and this house is definitely nice enough to have AC, so Techno takes this to mean that his thievery is God-sanctioned. "Thanks, God," Techno says aloud.

Down the block, a street light flickers out.

That was honestly really scary, so Techno promptly bustles his ass to the window and throws his leg over the sill. Without a single yoga in his body, it hurts like a bitch, but he pushes through the agony and falls in a heap onto cool linoleum flooring. When he looks up, he's in

a plain, boxy kitchen. The walls are an unremarkable yet stifling yellow; to Techno's left, right next to the window through which he came, there's a front door. Techno hadn't noticed it from the outside. He gets to his feet and opens it. It opens into the front yard. Oops.

All the kitchen appliances are on the leftmost wall — a sink, an oven with an overhanging microwave, and a double-doored fridge. Techno checks the MICROWAVE and finds it EMPTY. Then he checks the FRIDGE and finds a FORTUNE COOKIE. He opens it.

GOD HAS LEFT US

BUT SUNLIGHT STILL BEAMS THROUGH CLOSED WINDOWS

SO LONG AS THE BLINDS ARE OPEN

(2,7,0,6)

Techno eats the FORTUNE COOKIE. He eats the PAPER too. FUCKING IDIOT.

There is a door at the other end of the room. Techno passes over a WEIRDLY PLACED CARPET in the middle of the kitchen and goes to it. It opens into a

he hears something from the bathroom

BUBBLEGUM PINK BATHROOM. It is so ugly. Techno opens the SHOWER CURTAIN. There is no guy there. He doesn't quite remember what he was

someone is in his bathroom

here for. His ass kind of hurts from falling on the floor.

There is a door at the other end of the room. Techno goes to it. It opens
someone is opening his door

into a BLUE LIVING ROOM. There is a guy on the couch. He stares at
who the hell is this guy

Techno with familiar, forlorn eyes. Techno thinks of holes, of forgotten things. And then he looks, and then he sees.

“Non sum qualis eram,” says Twitch streamer Jerma.

Techno nods. “You look better without the mold.” He points to the DIAMOND CHANDELIER. “I need that.”

“This is not for you,” says Twitch streamer Jerma.

“It's not,” Techno replies. “It's for someone else.”

can you believe the nerve of this fucking guy

“This is not for you,” repeats Twitch streamer Jerma.

“Just give it to me.” Techno tries to grab for the chandelier. He grabs
chat

it. The diamonds tinkle together like a stream of pee coins from a wallet as Techno
turns

chat do you fucking see this

on his heel and sprints back through the door
through which he

this guy just took my chandelier. he just

just came. Techno feels so frightened
but he knows this is necessary. For the boys

i don’t even know who he is

and especially for his wallet, which would pee itself again except
he’s only got cards in it now and

he just came into my house

those would really hurt coming out. Though it’s the bathroom
like

with the ugly pink walls that Techno is expecting on
this is

the other side of the door, that isn’t what greets him when he bursts
though

this is like in that fucking movie with the grinch

it shoulder first.

when he steals the

It is

the can of who hash

the kitchen with the yellow walls.

this is my who hash except it’s my diamond chandelier

Techno is confused. *This is not how*

chat that

it's supposed to go.

thats not even what im

This is not how things are.

i can have a fucking chandelier if i want one chat

Techno sees the front door ahead of him. He checks the FRIDGE

im not

first. In the fridge is ANOTHER

like

FORTUNE COOKIE!

some monk

Techno opens it.

in a himalayan village

GOD CLOSES HIS EYES IN THE MORNINGS

who only has dirt

BUT ONLY BECAUSE

except the monk has dirt

SOMETHING LARGER THAN HIM RISES TO WATCH OVER US

(6, 6, 6, 9)

this is like him stealing that monks dirt

Techno eats the ANOTHER FORTUNE COOKIE!. He eats the

he cant just fucking do that

PAPER too.

he cant just steal the dirt from a monk

FUCKING IDIOT.

imagine

There is a door at the other end of the room.

chat i

Techno goes

listen

to it. Desperately he runs to it

imagine if that guy was a pig

, throwing it open with his free hand

and i went into his

as though the bliss of heaven itself lay on the other side.

fucking

But it's only

pig room

the BUBBLE GUM PINK BATHROOM.

and took a whole bunch of his dirt

Techno says, "What the fuck?" And man, does he mean it.

pig sty sty chat i know its called a sty oh my god

There is a door at the other end of the room.

im just saying

Techno goes to it. He opens it

imagine i just took a whole bunch of dirt from this pig

and it leads into the front yard! Success!

hed burn in the sun without that dirt

Techno takes off sprinting, chandelier in hand,

chat hed literally be bacon without that dirt

tinkling and twinkling like the brightest most

most men will never know what it feels like to burn alive

special star in the whole sky. He runs to his car, but
and most think that that is a good thing

his car isn't there. There's a door where it should be.

i dont

Techno opens it.

im just saying

On the other end is the BLUE LIVING ROOM. He balks.

i dont think burning alive is good no but

"I'm back in the fucking building again!"

like

(That's funny for reasons he can't understand.)

if it happened more wed be prepared

There is a door at the other end of the room.

for it

Techno goes to it. He's back in the

yes chat i know a pig could stop drop and roll

BUBBLEGUM PINK BATHROOM. This

but roll in what

momentarily makes sense. But then

fucking dirt

he opens the door at the other end of that room and

not if ive fucking stolen it all

it's the FUCKING BLUE LIVING ROOM AGAIN.

hell stop drop and sizzle is what hell do

Shame and terror is hot on the back of Techno's neck.

I'm going to burn that man alive for what he's done to me.

"Let me out of here!" Techno screams to nothing. "I need this!"

THIS IS NOT FOR YOU screams the house.

"This is for my boys!" Screams Techno back.

over here!

"Huh?" Techno says.

you are not safe in here but it is the only way to escape

"What?" Says Techno.

he can't get you where you are but there is no escape

"Huh?!" Says Techno.

oh my god dude just jump over and run

So techno does. Now he is here and he is running. He runs until sweat is dribbling down the back of his neck,

im coming

until his palms are sweating from the heat. He feels him coming closer. He knows he is there. But he can't turn around. He can't look back.

i see you

There is a door at the other end of the room. Techno does not go to it.

He goes to the

WINDOW

he JUMPS through the WINDOW.

Techno hits the ground hard. The chandelier falls from his arms as he rolls, hurting literally every part of his body as it leaves his grasp because diamonds are very sharp. Techno's Icarian tumble comes to an abrupt stop when he hits the mailbox. There wasn't one on the lawn when he first arrived, but that is the least of his problems. He lays there on the grass for a second, wishing for death, before the events of the past several hours (or minutes, he's not sure) crash over him all at once and he rockets to his feet, hands outstretched defensively. "It's mine!" He screams instinctively. "I made it out! It's mine now!"

The window is open. He stands at it, staring at Techno with those forlorn eyes of his. Within them... what could almost be respect. He is bound to this space; Techno is beyond his reach. He has won.

“Sparkle on,” says Twitch streamer Jerma, and then he is gone.

It is dawn. One by one, the streetlights start to wink out. Unwatched by God, Techno weeps in the grass until he can cry no longer.

Then he wipes his eyes. “Well that was weird,” he says, and carries the chandelier to his car.

The abandoned warehouse is just that — a big abandoned warehouse on the edge of town, surrounded by non-descript crates and storage containers overtaken by moss and rust. Techno hefts the chandelier out of the back of his car. It’s quite the pretty thing, but staring at it for too long makes his eyes hurt, so he carefully carries it through an open door and finds a suitable empty table to place it on. “Hello?” He calls into the dusty air. He is startled by the sudden whooshing of feathers in one of the warehouse’s high corners, but when he looks, it’s only a trapped pigeon beating itself against the ceiling mere feet from an open sky panel. Techno watches it for like two minutes straight. “Left, more left — no, *other* left — how are you getting farther away? You deserve to die. Left! Left! Oh my God.”

And then Techno is raptured up by the Lord.

At least, that’s what he *thinks* happens for a second. But when he opens his eyes, he’s not in heaven — unless heaven is the second floor of a scary abandoned warehouse. Techno dangles in a mesh net, strung up like a fish if a fish were something one strang up in the air in a mesh net. On a nearby platform, next to a sizeable crate wrapped in yellow tape, a rather dapper-looking man sits in a wheelchair, watching Techno’s struggles with amusement. He’s got a baby carrier strapped to his chest. “Hello, everybody,” says the man in the wheelchair.

“I’m just Techno,” Says Techno, and then the net falls. With him in it.

Warehouse floors are very hard, so Techno is quite a bit sore by the time he fights himself out of the net. “Ow,” he grumbles to himself. “That wasn’t necessary. At all.”

“It was,” says the man in the wheelchair with the baby carrier, suddenly beside him on the ground floor. Upon closer inspection of the baby carrier strapped to him, Techno realizes that he’s got a cat in it. It’s weird. At least the cat looks comfortable. “For entertainment purposes.”

“I live to serve.” Kicking the rest of the net away, Techno rises to his feet and stretches his sore back. Luckily for him, he is free of any injuries that might be plot-laborious. Then strikes a defensive pose. “Now where are my boys?”

The man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier smiles. “Your boys?”

“Yeah,” Techno says. “I brought you your chandelier. Now give me my boys.”

“You sure you want them?”

“Their dad will be *so* mad at me if I somehow got them killed—“

“I’d love to see that,” the man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier replies.

“Dude, will eat your stupid little top hat right off your head if you don’t give them to me right now. I’m not even joking. I’ll do it. Two bites and it’s gone. Next to go is that cat.”

The man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier stops, looking momentarily impressed. “You’d really do that?”

“I feel so fucking crazy right now,” Techno says calmly.

The man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier glides over to the chandelier on the table and inspects it. After a few moments, the man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier lifts his head and calls out, “Looks like real diamond!”

There comes a loud screech from the platform above their heads. The sizable crate comes tipping over the side of the platform, causing Techno to have to throw himself to the side to avoid being crushed under it as it hits the warehouse floor in an explosion of dust and wooden pieces. As the dust clears, two small figures rise from the wreckage.

“I love crates, bitch!” Screams Tommy. He’s bound up in duct tape; two chewed up pieces hang from either side of his face. Wilbur, his mouth still taped over, wiggles in what Techno can only assume is his attempt at an agreement.

“I didn’t tie them up,” says a voice from above. Techno looks up, startled, but the figure standing at the edge of the platform is but a winged shadow in the light streaming in from behind him. “They did that themselves.”

Wilbur bites through his tape gag in one go. “It added to the atmosphere.”

“I love being a hostage!” Tommy cries.

The sight of the two of them has Techno’s heart leaping. He feels his wallet does a joyous little flip inside his pocket. “Boys!”

Two ghoulish faces snap towards him in unison. Tommy breaks free from his bindings Hulk-style, if the Hulk were a small feathery ten-year-old of unsound mind. “Technoblade!” He shrieks, and within a moment he is rocketing into Techno’s arms like an attack dog, if an attack dog were a small feathery ten-year-old of unsound mind. “You came!”

“Duh,” Techno replies, shifting Tommy to one arm as Wilbur darts over and hugs him around the waist. “I literally had to.”

“We got kidnapped! It was so much fun!”

“I can see that.”

“I have to pee so bad. I had like eight juice boxes in that crate.”

“We were supposed to share them,” Wilbur grumbles into Techno’s side.

“Mortal terror makes me a thirsty boy,” Tommy says sagely. Then he burps straight into Techno’s face. It smells like orange juice. Ew. Apple juice will always remain superior.

“Pee on me,” Techno whispers in his ear. “And I’m signing you up for a blood donation.”

Tommy gasps, affronted. “My blood is mine.”

“It’s the right thing to do. You’ll help so many people in their time of need.”

Tommy jumps off him and scampers off on all fours, hissing, his little white feathers puffed up in agitation. As the *pat-pat-pat* of his grimy, pestilent little hands against the warehouse floor fade away, Techno turns his attention back up to the winged shadow. For a moment, they almost look like Phil.

“Hi,” Techno says intelligently.

“Hi,” says the figure back. They’re British. That’s unexpected.

“I assume you’re responsible for this?”

“Yup. You’ve just saved me a bunch of time.” Extending their wings, the figure hops off the platform and swoops down in a wide circle, landing perched on the back of the wheelchair of the guy in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier. For a second, Techno thinks he really *is* Phil – he’s dressed like the unstable Monopoly man’s colourful cousin, his titanic wings rocking those primary colours like no one’s business. His eyes are flat and dark and lifeless, his teeth slightly pointed. As though he didn’t look deranged enough, he’s wearing a red tweed sweater and a pair of neatly-ironed brown cargo pants. *Who irons cargo pants?* Techno thinks. *This guy, apparently. His pockets look crisp as hell.*

The colourful guy on the back of the wheelchair of the guy in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier (this is when Techno realizes that he really should learn some names) hops down and inspects the diamond chandelier on the table, sniffing it over. He pulls a small machine from a crisp pocket and scans one of the diamonds. The small machine beeps. “Real diamond,” he repeats, satisfied. “Great condition, too. Where’d you find it?”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Techno says.

The colourful guy no longer on the back of the wheelchair of the guy in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier (Names, Techno. *Names.*) looks mildly perplexed. “Alright,” he says unsurely. Then he turns to the guy in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier. “Pull up the registry.”

“Already on it,” says the guy in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier. “It’s a perfect match. Phil is going to love it.”

“I’m sorry,” Techno exclaims. “This is a wedding present for Phil?”

The colourful guy no longer on the back of the wheelchair of the guy in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier (oh my god) nods. “Duh. Thanks for that, by the way. I took an early flight in. No time to look for a gift.”

It all clicks into place. *Holy shit.*

Techno lets his defensive posture fall with a sigh of relief and wiggles a hand out of Wilbur's vice-like hug. He extends it. “Heard a lot about you, man. I’m Techno,” he says. “Phil’s babysitter.”

The colourful guy no longer on the back of the wheelchair of the guy in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier takes Techno’s hand in both of his own and shakes it Europeanly. “Heard a lot about you too,” he says. Techno abruptly realizes that his flat, lifeless eyes aren’t eyes at all – there are literal holes in his head where his eyeballs should be. This doesn’t surprise Techno in the slightest. “I’m Grian. Phil’s little cousin.”

Chapter End Notes

lmfao hey everyone. ophie here. never thought i'd ever return to writing dsmp fanfic. i left the fandom over two years ago because of the wretched people, but now that i'm less insane and more employed, the drama reeled me back in and now i can laugh at it all again. seems like i'm not the only one. feels like a fun family reunion where all of us get to chuckle at the drama as grown ups. to those of us that have come back - welcome back! to those of you who never left - lmfao yall are god's strongest soldiers.

okay quick serious note oversharing moment

been thinking a lot of technoblade recently. my own twin got unexpectedly diagnosed with cancer over a few months back and its thrown everything into a tailspin. their prognosis is super good but the next six months will suck. in the whirlwind of stress, i went back to technoblade's videos and watched them over and over. then i remembered TEABG and went back to read it too. Then I found my abandoned notes for the sequel. then dream went and did his shit all over again and suddenly i'm not the only one being drawn back into this fandom. boom now i got this weird funny sequel. everyone say thanks ophies twin for getting cancerrrrr

i was 20 and isolated and on way too much adderall writing that first work and now i'm 23 and thriving in my big girl job doing yoga and edibles (responsibly) instead of adderall YIPPEE.

and yet im still writing dsmp fanfiction. honour is something that grows from within and boy ive salted the earth in here lmfao

thank you guys for all the comments you left over the past two years. i have read them all, all the way back to 2022. they all mean so much to me. i hope this sequel makes you guys laugh. sorry if it isnt as funny as the first one i tjink the adderall made a difference

Another Building Enters The Villa

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The UberXL back to Phil's house is enlightening, to say the least.

"I've been taking a sabbatical from my architectural duties — a building permit office is a far more suitable space for the kind of spiritual work I'm doing," Grian is explaining from the front seat, twisted around to face the rest of them in the van behind him. His wings are covering most of the front window, not that the driver seems to mind — or even notice. Techno feels less than comfortable with the amount of road safety in this vehicle, but an expert lane change around an 18-wheeler sets him more at ease. Maybe it's one of those self-driving Teslas.

That makes Techno chuckle sensibly to himself. *Nah, couldn't be. Tommy would have gobbled that lithium battery down like a blue jolly rancher by now.*

Wilbur, seatbelted into the back beside his brother, raises his hand. "What do you do at the office?"

"Absolutely nothing! That's why it's a sabbatical." Grian sighs to himself, and his colourful wings do a little wiggle. "Causing corporate anguish through incompetency is so, so good for the soul."

Tommy loudly gasps, and his little car seat jiggles as he throws himself dramatically forward into the back of Techno's seat. "I want to take a spat-ical!" He says, wiggling his skinny arms under Techno's headrest to hug (or choke; it's never clear) him from behind. "I'll be so good at working in an office. I'll read things and type things and kill people."

"You can't even read!" Wilbur shrieks.

"I can, bitch!"

The van lurches. "Can not! You're a stupid blond bitch!" Wilbur retorts. The van lurches again.

"You're literally fucking *purple*!" Another van lurch. Techno is starting to get nauseous.

"Shut up!"

"*You* shut up!"

The backseat explodes into a cacophony of screams and flailing limbs. *What's so wrong with being purple?* Techno thinks idly as Tommy begins to strangle him for realsies. Goodbye cruel world.

“Boys,” says the man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier from beside him. “If you’re going to—“

“What’s your name?” Techno interrupts.

The man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier blinks at him. “Huh?”

“What is your name?” Techno repeats over the screaming. Tommy might be yelling in Latin. Or maybe it’s just English backwards. “It’s urgent.”

The man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier smiles. “Why do you want to know?”

“It’s hard to explain. Just tell me.”

“What do I get in return?” Says the man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier.

“Oh my God. I’m going to start just calling you pronouns if you don’t tell me.”

“What do you mean?” He says.

“You know,” Techno replies.

“This is going to get confusing,” He says.

“My laziness is a titanic force.”

“You know you’ve made me a God,” He says.

“Tell me your fucking name I swear to—“

The van lurches sideways for a final time. “To who? To Who?” He says.

“Scar! That’s Scar.” Grian interjects pleasantly. “He sells used cars.”

“Among other things,” smiles the man in the wheelchair with the cat in the baby carrier.

Oh! Techno nods politely. *This guy is the actual devil.*

Satisfied, Grian turns back around and points the driver to the driveway. “Right there on the left,” he says casually. “Yeah, that’s it. Thanks.”

The van pulls up outside Phil’s manor. The boys are scrambling out before Techno even has the chance to undo his seatbelt and chase each other into the woods, hissing like cats. *They’ll probably be fine*, Techno thinks. *Not like there are any squirrels around in the area to become collateral damage.*

He goes to ask Scar if he needs any help getting out of the van, but he and his wheelchair and his cat are already out on the gravel when Techno turns around, waiting patiently for him to join them. Grian squeezes himself out of the front seat and stretches his wings to the sky. “Ah!” He cries. “Feels great on a sore back. I’m ready for action.”

“No action until I get a Graval,” says Techno. He undoes his seatbelt and, in hefting himself out of the van, realizes suddenly that the driver is BadBoyHalo. He stops in his tracks. “Bad? Since when do you drive UberXls?”

BadBoyHalo just stares at him. “O_o”

He pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to Techno. The look on his face might almost be regret. Techno looks at the piece of paper.

It’s Techno’s birth certificate. Techno hasn’t seen this thing in, like, twenty years. He’s pretty sure it got lost in a flood or something.

“Huh?” Techno says, but then the door to the van slams shut and BadBoyHalo speeds off, leaving a cloud of dust in his wake. The sound of his engine rumbles away into the morning.

“Techno is short for *Technoblade*?” Says Grian. He’s hovering over Techno’s shoulder like a pirate’s parrot, if instead of a pirate there was a college student on the brink of mental catastrophe and instead of a parrot there was a strange European dude in ironed cargo pants.

“What else could you be short for?”

“Technology.”

“That’s not a name.”

“Your name is Technoblade.”

“*Your* name is Grain.”

Grian looks slightly ruffled at that.. “You can’t verbally typo my name.”

“Can too, wheat boy.”

“Grian!” A jovial voice cries out from above, and Grian’s face splits into a saber-toothed grin. A dark shadow eclipses the morning sun over their heads and then Grian is wrenched away from Techno’s shoulder, tossed into the air as though he were a colourful, feathery baseball. “Grian!” Phil cries, catching his cousin under the armpits and holding him out like a cat. “You’ve grown so much!”

“I’ve been the same size since I left the test tube,” Grian replies.

Phil ruffles his cousin’s hair mid-air. Techno takes a moment to appreciate his bicep strength. “The years have treated you well. How are your games?”

“Spectacular! I got to bludgeon Scar to death with my bare hands a little while ago. The *thrill*, Phil.” Grian kicks his feet in titillation. “You’re not close with a friend until you’ve felt their sternum crack under your fists, I tell you.”

“I think you left a fingernail or two somewhere in here,” Scar proclaims, patting his chest. Then he blows Grian a kiss, which Grian makes a show of catching and then viciously

pummelling in his fists. Scar seems into that.

“Love is love,” Techno says, nodding awkwardly, and that seems to be the right thing to say. He ponders, for a moment, the strangeness of Europeans.

Phil sighs dreamily and lets his cousin fall to the ground, whereupon Grian lands with cat-like grace on all fours and scuttles up the back of Scar’s wheelchair. “Oh, the bachelor life!” Phil crows. “I’d miss it if I weren’t so happy with my lady and my boys. No one knew how to have fun like that in my day.”

“Bring the boys and the wife once the boys are old enough! There’s an open bar in the death lobby.” Grian pats Scar’s head. “He makes a mean kamikaze shot.”

“The secret is real lime juice and not washing my hands,” Scar says proudly.

“I’m not drinking anything you hand me,” Techno tells Scar. Scar only laughs and strokes his cat. Grian laughs and strokes Scar. It’s really weird.

Phil makes that little Italian *mwah* gesture. “If you weren’t a guest, I’d have hired you for the reception.”

It’s at that point that Wilbur skitters out of the forest line, covered in more grime than usual. “Dad!” He screams. “I’m hungry!”

“Go forage with your brother!” Phil calls back to him. “That’s what the forest is there for!”

“But there’s nothing to find!”

Techno pulls on Phil’s sleeve. “Centerpieces,” he whispers into his ear.

Phil sucks air in through his teeth. “Right.” He cocks a thumb in the direction of the house. “I’ve got Uncrustables in the cupboard!”

Wilbur pumps his fist in the air and shoots down the sprawling driveway in a corpsey blur. Techno pulls on Phil’s sleeve again. “Can I please have an Uncrustable too? Please. Please, Phil.”

Phil pats Techno’s back. “Being Best Man has many privileges.”

Techno pumps his fist in the air and shoots down the sprawling driveway in a technoey blur. Both Tommy and Wilbur are already in the kitchen when he barrels into the room, crouched on the island with several desecrated boxes of Uncrustables scattered around them. Techno claps his hands, and each boy tosses him one from their pile of crustless corpses. One PB and J, one off-brand chocolate hazelnut spread. Hell yeah. “This fucking rocks,” Techno says, and sits down at the dining table to eat them.

“You want a drink, boss?” Says Wilbur from behind him.

Techno nods sagely, popping the plastic packaging open and inhaling the sweet, blasphemous scent of fake grape. “Give me three fingers of your finest.”

“Straight up?”

“On the rocks. With a twist.”

“A man after my own heart.” A crystal glass full of chilled organic apple juice garnished with an orange peel is slid down the table into Techno’s hand. Sure enough, there are rocks at the bottom of the glass. At least they look clean.

“Those are my rocks,” Tommy says. He climbs onto the dining table and sits there on his haunches, his mouth smeared with jam. “Don’t eat them.”

Techno brings the glass to his lips and sips his sugary victory. Nice. “My jaw is still sore from the last time I tried.”

“I tried to warn you.”

“You didn’t.”

“Yeah, I didn’t.”

“So!” Phil says with a grand flourish as he enters the room, followed by his guests. Grian stares with approval at the splendid, vaulted look of the house around him, and his eyes — or lack thereof — are gleaming with excitement. Techno isn’t quite sure how an empty abyss can gleam, but perhaps that’s a perk of being created in a test-tube. “What are you boys drinking? I can make tea, or there’s whisky in the bar if that’s more your style.”

“I have rocks if you need them,” Tommy says, with inordinate politeness. His damp rocks do bring out a different side of him.

“There’s also ice in the freezer,” Wilbur whispers to them from behind him.

Tommy glares at his brother, miffed. “My rocks add to the flavour profile.”

“What flavour do they add?”

“Rock.”

“I’ll kill you.”

“Dad, Wilbur said—“

“Dad! Tommy said—“

And so the hissing and screaming takes up again.

“I’ll take a tea,” Grian says politely.

“I’ve brought my own,” says Scar, then takes a long sip of a featureless styrofoam cup.

“Aaple juice,” Techno says, and raises his apple juice.

“Coming up!” Phil claps his hands. “I need you all well-hydrated for what I’ve got planned for today.”

“What is there left to do?” Techno exclaims. “Phil, the wedding is tomorrow!”

Phil turns and gives Techno an astonished look, as though he were missing some great crucial part of the current conversation. “Techno!” He cries. “We haven’t had a bachelor party. There must be a bachelor party before I am married. ”

Techno blinks at that. “You waited until the night before your wedding to have your bachelor party?”

“Yeah.”

“Why the hell would you do that?”

“For the pain,” says Grian, with a little too much enthusiasm.

“Curb it, junglefowl,” Techno says shortly. Then he turns back to Phil. “Fine, fine. Bachelor party at nine in the morning on a Tuesday it is. What do you have in mind?”

“You didn’t plan anything?” Phil asks him gravely.

In the moment it takes Techno’s heart to stop and restart itself out of sheer terror, Phil jumps close and pats Techno’s back with a laugh. “Just pranking you, Techno Blade. I’ve got it all scheduled already, right down to the minute.”

“Great!” Techno says, nauseous.

“Don’t keep us hanging!” Grian says. “I need to know what you’ve got planned.”

“I’ve got things we could do,” Scar says amiably.

Techno gives Scar a thumbs up. “Please no.”

“Okay.”

“I’m going back to my youth!” Phil cries victoriously. “To where it all began. My glory days. Ah!” He grasps his chest. “Nostalgia is a disease and I am terminal with it!”

“Is that why you still own a Wii?” Techno asks.

“Tommy adores his Wii,” Phil replies primly. “He makes a Mii of everyone he knows.”

Tommy, trapped in the oven while Wilbur feverishly juggles turning the oven on and keeping the door closed, pauses in his furious attempt to claw his way out. “To trap them in limbo forever and ever and—” he screams, and then the oven door promptly shuts on him.

“Forever close to his heart,” Phil says warmly.

“What are we embezzling?” Grian asks interestedly. “And From whom are we embezzling?”

“I know some people,” Says Scar nicely.

Techno points at him. “Stop it.”

“No embezzlement!” Phil waves the concept off. “Go even earlier.”

“Assault without a weapon?” Grian asks.

“Earlier.”

“Assault *with* a weapon?”

“Even earlier than that.”

Grian whistles in a low tone. “That brings us back to primary school at least.”

“My God,” Techno replies.

“So close,” Phil says. He’s brimming with such excitement that it seems it might burst forth out of him like the cheesy sauce mix out of a microwaved hot pocket. “You’re just about there. My very, very first crime.”

It takes Grian a moment to figure it out. “Jaywalking?” He blurts out.

“*Jaywalking?*” Techno repeats incredulously.

“Jaywalking!” Phil throws his hands up in the air. “My first crime! My gateway drug into a life of malfeasance!”

The overwhelm of Phil’s joy is a little startling. Techno supposes he’s never asked Phil *directly* how his life of villainy had started, but he had always idly assumed that it had started somewhere normal, like with setting fire to trash cans or internet bullying. “Your first crime was... jaywalking?”

“Techno Blade, I was king of the streets! There wasn’t a sidewalk around that I wouldn’t not cross.” Phil sets about making Grian’s tea with a series of grand motions. His wing knocks a container of tea bags onto the ground, but he either doesn’t notice or care for this, for he does not pick them up. “That thrill was what drove me to where I am now. ‘Twas there that I drank the sweet nectar of crime! Drivers in their steel titans looked both ways in fear of *me!*”

Phil’s voice has risen to a booming shout. Then the kettle beeps, and he politely pours steaming water into a black teapot. “Mango rooibos, Grian?”

“That works!” Replies Grian.

“It’s a new blend. I’m feeling dangerous today.” Phil brings the teapot and two teacups over, along with a little hourglass he uses as a tea timer. “Hungry?”

“We ate in the Uber,” Grian replies.

Techno raises an eyebrow. “No we didn’t.”

Grian winks at him. Techno dislikes the implications of such a gesture.

“Today will be the perfect day to usher me into my new life as a married man,” says Phil.

“One last taste of where it all began before I go onto bigger and better things. And with such dear friends and family at my side! What more could a man ask for?”

“I know some things,” Scar says with a smile.

“What is it with you?” Techno asks him.

Scar winks at him. Techno dislikes the implications of such a gesture.

“Cheers, friends, to the bachelor party of all time!” Phil raises his teacup. Grian raises his. Scar raises his featureless styrofoam cup.

Techno sighs. “Cheers,” he says, and lifts his apple juice into the air. “To jaywalking.”

The bachelor party, like many do, starts in the seedy-looking part of town, at a seedy-looking strip club.

In front of it, at least.

“Take one, everyone,” Phil says, holding out a fan of one hundred dollar bills. “This should be enough for everyone. I haven’t a clue what inflation has done to prices these days, so I wanted to be safe.”

Grian and Scar (along with his cat, which is still hanging placidly from his chest) pluck a bill each from Phil’s fingers. Techno takes one himself, a little unsurely, and passes a wary glance at the weather-beaten sign hanging over their heads — *SALT SHAKERZ GENTLEMAN’S CLUB*. “Phil, I thought we were jaywalking. Are you sure that Kristin would be—“

“Hm? Oh, *pssh*.” Phil flaps the remaining hundred dollar bills at Techno dismissively. Techno snags another one just for funsies. “We’re not going in here. I do not partake in such entertainment establishments, though I have nothing but respect for anyone with the core strength to hold themselves up on a pole.”

“I’ve spent some time on a pole,” says Scar.

“That was a stake,” Grian corrects him. “You were being burned alive.”

At Techno’s evident confusion, Grian adds, “Scar isn’t allowed in Canada anymore,” in a tone that implies he has provided some sort of clarification. He hasn’t.

“Turn your thoughts from beautiful women swinging on sticks, Techno Blade!” Phil grasps Techno by the shoulders and jostles him. “Today is a day for the boys.” He points across the

bustling four-lane street, at the middle of which stands a stone median, and at the other side of the road entirely, a dreary little Dollar-O. “And the boys are going there.”

“The... dollar store?” Techno asks.

“Yes! What better way to relive my adolescent glory days than with cheap snacks? Oh, the havoc I could wreak with a dollar fifty! The perfect reward for getting across safely.”

“Getting across?” Techno takes a moment to understand. “Oh. This is where—”

“Where we jaywalk!” Phil finishes excitedly. “Goods await us, boys, as a reward for our criminal behaviour!” He smacks Grian and Techno on the back at the same time. Techno stumbles. Grian doesn’t. “Onwards, men!”

Grian is the first to go. Cargo pants crisp as ever, he waits for a break in the traffic before sprinting, giggling like a madman, across the first two lanes of traffic. When he reaches the median in the center of the road, he turns victoriously back towards Techno and his compatriots. Phil whoops, as elated as a man about to be married ought to be. “Go on!” He encourages his cousin. “Go! Go quickly!”

Grian goes to run, falters, then makes the mad dash to the other side of the street. A car passes, having been nowhere near close to hitting Grian in any way, but Scar and Phil still gasp in unison as though the feathery fiend had only narrowly escaped with his life. As Grian does a victory dance on the sidewalk, drawing the attention of several strangers standing at the nearby bus station, Phil pats the back of Scar’s wheelchair. “You next, my friend.”

“Been waiting all my life for this,” says Scar with a vicious rub of his hands. “On we go, Jellie!”

And so he and his feline companion — whose name is likely Jellie, unless that’s the name of the wheelchair — set off onto the pavement. The electric wheelchair maintains a good hustling speed, and soon Scar is rumbling up onto the median. Phil pumps his fists in the air. His wings are so fluffed with adrenaline that they look twice their size. “Your turn next, Techno Blade,” he tells Techno. “Think you’re ready?”

“I’m no spring chicken, Phil,” Techno answers haughtily. “I’ve done a jay-walk once or twice in my life.”

Phil gasps, equal parts intrigued and affronted. “A criminal? In my service? I knew you had a taste for a life of danger, Techno Blade.”

“I just didn’t care if I got hit by a car.”

“You’ll be teaching my boys your tricks in no time!”

“The trick is that you get paid if you survive—”

“Scar, no!” Grian shrieks suddenly. Phil and Techno turn in unison, startled. Scar is halfway through the second portion of the road, wheeling across as fast as he can, but one of those hideous, boxy electric trucks is barreling towards him at high speed. There is no time; the two

will collide. Techno grabs at Phil's arm in slow motion as his friend launches himself forward in an attempt to stop the inevitable. The truck blares on the horn. Unable to watch, Techno shuts his eyes tight.

There is a titanic cacophony; the sound of screeching metal, truck horns blaring, a series of repetitive crashes as something heavy flips over and over on itself. A burst of warmth hits Techno's face and he wills his eyes open, blinking away smoke and dust, desperate to see the carnage.

Scar sits in the middle of the road, completely unmoved and looking only mildly ruffled. The truck lays on its top twenty or so feet away, engulfed in flame.

"I hate those stupid cars," says Scar with a sigh, and wheels himself the rest of the way across the street.

Phil laughs good-naturedly. "Phew!" He wipes sweat from his brow dramatically. "Crime sure does get the blood pumping, doesn't it?"

"Uh-huh," Techno says, and the electric truck explodes.

Jaywalking, as it turns out, is only where the smorgasbord of petty crime begins. Though Phil had given each of his party members a hundred dollars to spend at the Dollar-O and free reign of the whole place once they had all safely jaywalked across, he approaches Techno as he's perusing the aisle of off-brand cake boxes and dubious cans of affordable meat with a devilish smile upon his face and something clasped tightly in his hand. "What are you looking at, Techno Blade?" He announces in a loud, purposeful voice, sidling up right next to Techno as though they were uncomfortable urinal neighbours. "Canned chicken flakes?"

"Thought Tommy might be interested in them," Techno replies. He's already got nine chocolate bars, a case of six energy drinks, and an intriguing can of something labeled only as *COOL SAUCE* stuffed into his pockets, tucked into the crooks of his arms, or otherwise balanced somewhere upon his person. Given that his goods will likely still cost him less than twenty dollars, he thought it might be nice to procure the boys a souvenir from their exciting day, given that they couldn't join in the festivities.

Phil nods. "Tommy does like eating cans."

"I meant the chicken."

"Metal can and chicken go wonderfully together."

"I'll take your word for it." Techno realizes that Phil's hand has surreptitiously slid into his jacket pocket and is placing something among the cheap Mars Bars adjacents he'd expertly stacked in there. "Phil, what are you—"

"Shh!" Phil whispers. "I love canned chicken!" He adds, in a louder voice. "You should buy some, Techno Blade!"

“Why are you shouting?”

“Because I loved canned chicken and buying it! I love legally purchasing chicken flakes and their cans!”

Ohhhhh, Techno thinks to himself, though he still has no idea what’s going on. *Okay. I get it now.*

Phil’s hand slides from his pocket and the to-be groom flounces away in a whirlwind of black feathers, tossing to Techno another can off the shelves as he turns the corner. “For Wilbur!” He says.

Techno catches it with radical ease, because he’s cool like that, and turns it over in his hands to inspect the label.

It Could Be Beef, Says the label.

“Could be?” Techno says. He lifts his head and stares at the place Phil had just been. “*Could* be beef?”

With his chicken flakes, dubious beef, and cool sauce in hand, Techno makes his way to the register. Scar seems to have already paid, given the plastic bag hanging off the back of his wheelchair, and Grian is deeply engrossed in watching the Dollar-O employee rhythmically scan all thirty-five Duramax Small Axe With Rubber Handles he’s loaded onto the conveyor belt. He also has a window insulation kit. Techno didn’t know dollar stores sold those.

“What’s with all the axes?” He asks.

“Gift bags,” says Grian.

“Right.”

“Is that all?” The Dollar-O employee asks.

Grian, grinning, shoves two hundred-dollar bills in their face. As the employee figures out the change, Phil and Scar begin to giggle like children.

“Oh my *God*, guys,” Grian says, stifling a laugh into his palm. “You guys are *so* crazy, oh my God.”

“I’m fine!” Phil tries to say in somewhat of a normal tone. He fails. “I’m so fine.”

“You guys are literally being *so* silly insane now, I can’t even take—“

“I’m not, I’m literally not!”

“Oh my God, *stooooooooop*—“

Techno approaches the register and drops his goods onto the conveyor belt. As he reaches into his pocket to pull out his off-brand chocolate bars, his fingers brush against that small

object Phil had surreptitiously shoved in there. He thinks for a moment, pauses, then lets his fingertips bypass it and pull only the chocolate bars out of the nylon inferno of his coat.

Phil promptly makes a strangled squeaking noise a cartoon mouse would make if put in a hydraulic press and punches Techno hard in the arm. His smile resembles more the aggressive baring of teeth displayed by gorillas than a smile at all. "Are you okay?" Techno asks him. Phil pretends to faint into the shelf of gum behind them. His wings knock the gum everywhere. Shocked by the carnage, Phil and Grian bend to hurriedly pick them up.

"Sir?"

Techno turns back to the Dollar-O employee. They're holding up the COOL SAUCE. "Don't eat this."

"Why not?"

"Just don't."

"Okay." Techno will definitely eat the COOL SAUCE.

"I mean it."

"I promise I won't eat the cool sauce." Techno will so so so definitely eat the COOL SAUCE.

The Dollar-O employee gives him a disbelieving look, then seems to resign themselves to the fact that Techno will certainly be eating the sauce. "Is that all?"

Techno hands over one of his bills, which sends his three fellow partygoers into another fit of raucous giggling. Phil and Grian start shushing each other, slapping one another's shoulders with flimsy smacks that only serve to make their poorly stifled laughter even more poorly stifled.

"Shall we go?" Says Scar, smiling serenely.

"Yup." Techno grabs his plastic bag full of stuff and drops his change into his pocket with the mystery item. "Roll out, boys."

They're scarcely out the front door before Phil and Grian are sprinting off in another direction, their giggles exploding into shrieking laughter. They're red-faced and heaving on the other end of the parking lot by the time Scar and Techno catch up with them. "I can't believe it!" Phil is saying, kicking his legs in the air like a child. There are tears in his eyes. "I can't believe we got away with it!"

"That was so exhilarating!" Grian cries. He's clutching his plastic bag of axes like a stuffed animal, and his eye holes are wide with excitement. Ew. "I haven't felt a thrill like that since I dropped a stalactite on my friends!"

"Oh! Oh!" Says Scar with great reverence. "How fun that was. Remember the gore? The gore, Grian. Our friends exploded everywhere."

“Oh, I’ll never forget it. But this?” Grian holds up a tiny lollipop wrapped in cheap plastic foil. “*This* is something different. You sure do know how to party, Phil.”

“What are you guys talking about?” Techno asks, for his group seems to have entered the ecstasy of an acid trip without him. “What did we get away with?”

They all turn to look at him in shock. “You didn’t know?” Phil says. “It’s right in your pocket, Techno Blade.”

Techno reaches into his pocket, past the money (nice), and pulls out the small item Phil had snuck in there. It’s another small lollipop in plastic foil. It looks to be red flavour. Mmm. Dye.

“A cheap lollipop?” Techno says.

“A cheap lollipop,” Phil says. “That we didn’t *pay* for!”

That sends him and Grian into another bout of screams. Confused, Techno looks around at the bags of stuff they most certainly paid for. “Phil, we spent like three hundred dollars in that store. I doubt they’ll miss two dollars’ worth of lollipops.”

“Oh, they will. The corporate beast always feels a loss, no matter how small! Behold! Our rage against the machine!” Phil holds his lollipop up like a torch, letting the sun bounce its rays off its surface as though shining upon a tiny, artificially pink moon, then pulls a Tiangou and shoves the whole thing unceremoniously into his mouth. There is a single crunch, and then Phil is pulling the little straw out from between his teeth with a proud smile.

“Your heartburn is about to be crazy, dude,” Techno says.

“Good. My body craves some heat.”

“I have an antacid somewhere in my coat when you need it.”

“Is it one of the fruity ones?”

“Duh.”

“You’re on the ball, Techno Blade. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“Have heartburn, I guess.”

“What’s this?” Grian pulls something from Techno’s dollar store bag, which he’s been unserruptitiously rummaging through at Techno’s elbow for the past thirty seconds. “Cool sauce?”

Techno nods. “I’m going to eat it.”

“There isn’t any nutrition information or an ingredient list on it. Are you sure this is edible?”

“I’m going to eat it.”

“I like the way he parties,” Scar says, pleased.

“For once I agree with that guy!” Techno replies.

“That’s not a good sign,” Grian interjects. He’s eating one of Techno’s fake Mars Bars, the sick son of a bitch.

“What a party we’re having.” Phil checks his watch and laughs breathlessly. “I’ve got one more activity planned for us. Can you boys handle it?”

Techno shrugs. “I don’t know, man. The jaywalking and fifty-cent theft really got my blood pressure rising.”

“I remember that feeling!” Phil exclaims joyously. “You’ll get addicted to it in no time.”

“By next week, I bet I’ll be taking hostages.”

Grian and Scar sigh dreamily. Phil wipes a tear from his eye. “Techno Blade, you always know the most beautiful things to say.”

Techno lets them all bask for a moment in his glory. It’s nice to be appreciated sometimes. Again, he gets that feeling that he’s forgotten something... but it passes. Positive attention makes a man forgetful. “Alright. What’s next on the menu, Phil? Exceeding the speed limit by a mile? Beeping a car horn without good reason?”

“You’re a creative one!” Phil replies. Flicking the lollipop stick to the side, he begins to make his way back to the road. “My grand finale for my party is—“

And then the cop cars show up.

“No one move!” Someone screams. Cops pour out of the cars like ants or perhaps clowns, their guns drawn and at the ready. A helicopter crests over the top of the Dollar-O, making that loud thwap-thwap-thwap sound that movies never make as loud as it is in real life because it’s annoying as shit. “Put your hands up!”

Techno drops his bags and puts his hands up, because he doesn’t really fancy getting shot. There is no payout to surviving this kind of encounter. Phil, however, faces the encroaching firing squad with a gentle yet grim expression — too noble to be defeat, too defeated to be defiance. “Hello, gentlemen.” He says, as though to an old friend.

“Put your fucking hands up, Black Crow!” Screams one cop. “We’ve got you surrounded!”

“Phil!” Techno screams. “What the hell is going on?”

“That’s what I’d like to know,” Phil exclaims.

Movement ripples through the crowd of policemen like a wave, and one of them closest to the trash can at the side of the road points to something a foot or so in front of it. “That!” They all scream in unison, which is possibly the scariest thing Techno has ever heard.

There doesn't seem to be anything there. Phil goes to take a step towards it to see and is rewarded with the sound of fifty cocking guns, a bunch of angry shouts, and a partridge in a pear tree, so he rolls his eyes and motions to it helplessly. One policeman scuttles forward and picks up a tiny white item off the pavement with a white gloved hand.

"Phil's lollipop stick?" Techno asks incredulously.

"LITTER!" Scream the chorus of policemen. "YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!"

Terror jumps up Techno's throat like Phil's inevitable heartburn. He turns back towards Grian and Scar, but the two of them are gone. Tiny smoking tire tracks are the only proof they had ever existed at all. The window insulation kit lays in the dust like a demented little Cinderella shoe.

Techno is stunned. "Where are—"

"They both have warrants in most states — I couldn't bring them down with me." Phil turns to Techno, turning his back to the wall of cops. The helicopter hovering above whips the dust and the urban grime of the street into grey clouds around them. The cops and the guns and all the screaming fades into one blurry cacophony. Phil, though. Phil is clear, backlit by flashing lights like Jesus at a rave. "Techno Blade, I need you to do something for me."

"Anything, Phil!" Techno screams. "We need to get you out of here!"

"There's only one more seat on that lifeboat, Techno Blade." Phil's voice is grave. "I can't save us both. You must listen to me."

"Don't say that! We can—"

"*Listen!*" Phil bellows, and Techno can do nothing but fall silent. "You must take care of my boys. You must make sure they have what they need."

Techno takes a step toward his boss, his *friend*, the guy who pays him so much money. "I will! But you'll be there too, Phil. You'll be there to take care of them!"

"They Al Capone'd me, Techno Blade! I am done for!" Phil's voice growing desperate.

"Wasn't he arrested for tax evasion?"

"Same thing! It's always the small crimes that get you in the end." Phil shakes his head. "I should have known. What a fool I was!"

"Phil—"

"Promise me! Promise me something."

Techno is panting. The whipping dust and dirt is stinging his eyes. Tears pour down his face. "Anything, Phil! Anything!"

Though Techno can barely see Phil's face, the look of agony that crosses it is unmistakeable. "Don't tell her!" Phil cries. "Don't tell her I was arrested. Let her think I left her at the altar!"

Techno blinks. It hurts. Ow. "What?"

"Don't tell Kristin! Please, Techno Blade! I couldn't deal with the shame. Let her think I left her at the altar and go mad with rage! It's my last gift to my lady love!"

"Phil, I don't think—"

"Her heartbreak will be cataclysmic! The city will fall!" Phil puts a hand to his chest. "The mere thought of it will be the only thing that gets me through my life in prison. That, and my darling boys." Phil's hand fists around the dumb little bolo tie he's wearing. "Take care of my boys, Techno Blade."

"I really don't think this is necessary!"

"Goodbye!"

"I mean it!"

Phil tears the tie from around his neck. Black smoke begins to pour out of it, cutting through the dust and dirt like an obsidian knife. "*Run!*"

Phil throws the tie. Black smoke envelopes everything.

To the sounds of screaming and gunfire and a stupidly loud helicopter, Techno runs.

Chapter End Notes

fun fact: that one stupid 'aapple juice;' line was a genuine typo written by me while high and i laughed myself to genuine tears over it so i kept it in bc it's like a oracle was speaking through me. apple juice;

sorry this took so long btw life is crazy. here's a list of places in which i wrote this chapter:

An ER (sister had a fever)

A French ER (boyfriend broke 4 of his ribs right in front of me traumatically hours into our first trip together) ((dw he's fine now))

the Bath (comfy)

a spa (i took a day off work to process boyfriend rib trauma)

my room (comfy)

a chemo room (where im finishing this chapter)

sister is over halfway done her chemo and shit is tough but we doin it. the horrors are here but we r hoping things stay on the straight and narrow and she wont need any more. get ur tests and ur check ups ppl, even minor lumps and bumps and rashes can be dangerous.

love u all forever. don't wish this on anyone but this weird ass story is the only thing ive been capable of writing all of 2025 and that's ok yknow. blood for the blood god.

also don't ask any questions this chap is set up for da grand finale. i hope it'll be so fun and funny and also not take 2 months

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